THE CHARACTER OF A PAPIST.

Quis credit tantum Religio suasisse malorum.

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A *Papist* is a thing like a Man, but more unhappy than a *Beast*, since he is so far from being reasonable, that he wants the use of his *Senses*. God made him a Man, but his own zealous Ignorance transforms him into an Idol, not unlike that of the *Psalmist*, *He hath Eyes and sees not*. For he cannot (or which is worse, out of a resolute Blindness will not) distinguish between the Colour, Taste, and Substance of Flesh and a Wafer.

He is one that thinks it safest walking blindfold, and puts out his own Eyes, (we mean his *Reason* the *Lamp* of the *Soul*) to be guided through thick and thin by another, and prefers the dark Lanthorn of an inveighing *Priest*, before the bright Taper of *Gods Word*, or the natural Light of his *Conscience* which the wisest of Men stiles the Candle of the *Lord*.

His main boast is of good Works, though no Mans Life is more debaucht and sullied with the continual stains of repeated Crimes: Yet so confident he is not only to quit scores with Heaven, but to oblige it too by his superarogating

Merits, Whilſt his conniving Ghoſtly Father, eaſily winks at his Venial ſins, As, *Swearing*, *Lying*, *Whoring*, &c. And his *Holineſs*, for a petty Sum, Cancels thoſe more frightful ones of *Adultery*, and *Inceſt*; and Inrolls him in the Calender of *Saints*, for perpetrating the uſeful Villanies of *Murther*, *Rebellion*, and *Treaſon*.

His *Faith* exceeds that of *Devils*, for they believe the *Truth*, and Tremble, but he can reſolutely credit the moſt nonſenſical Lyes in Nature, and never quake or boggle at the matter. He is as ſafe in his *Creed*, as a *Conjurer* in his *Inchanting Circle*. He believes as his *Church*, and his *Church* believes as he does: That *Church* which is an *Individuum vagum*, a very *Bull* in expreſſion, an *Abſurdity* in *Terminis*, *Roman*, Yet *Catholick*; *Catholick*, Yet *Roman*, a particular General like the *Nurſery* Phraſe, Enter *Seaven Divels*, *Solus*: A *Church univerſal* confined to the Pope's Perſon, like Legion *Crampt up* in a ſingle *Lucifer*.

A Church that is but a meer trick of State, a Politick Stratagem, to awe the ſimple, and maintain the crafty Hierarchy that firſt contrivid it in pride and Idleneſs: A Spiritual *Legerdemain* to bubble the credulous at once both out of their wits and Money.

Their Miracles are equally more numerous and more thin and ayerical, than thoſe recounted in *Holy Scripture*; For what *Chriſt* and his *Apoſtles* performed were ſo groſs and viſible, that all mens *Senſes* could evidence them, but theſe are ſo fine and rarified, and yet ſo many, that it at once puſles the moſt piercing Eye to perceive them and the ableſt Arithmetician to Sum them up: Yet muſt we not call our *Papiſt* an *Athieſt*, he hath a God, but he keeps it in a Box. A *Wafer* which by the wonderful Words of a ſhaveling *Prieſt*, you muſt believe in an inſtant Metamorphoſed (or if you will) tranſubſtantiated into very Fleſh, and Blood, Which is no ſooner made, but forthwith they devour it, which raiſes a Queſtion, Whether a *Cannibal* or *Papiſt*, be the rankeſt *Fleſh eater*, ſince the former eats only Mans *Fleſh*, the later that of his *God*.

He

He fancies the Court of Heaven to be like those of Earthly Princes, where all Addresses must be made by the mediation of Favourites, and therefore as if our Saviours Intercession were insufficient, Courts the suffrages of Saints, and spends more time in Imploring their Assistance then in supplicating the Mercy of the Almighty; He offers such blasphemous Titles to the ever blessed Virgin, as would (if glorified Essences be capable of disturbance) make her blush and be troubled to hear them; and worries others for Intercession in such trivial affairs, as he is ashamed to relate to his Confessor.

Here in *England* (which affords no Wolves but those in Sheeps Cloathing) he appears a pretty Innocent Beast; but in the Inquisition proves a Lyon Rampant; he is not Inspired with the Blessed gentle Dove, but carries the Talons of a Devouring Vulture, thinks it the onely way of Conversion to knock Religion into peoples heads with Pole-Axes, and esteem no Arguments so proper for the promoting his Catholick Faith, as Fire and Faggot, Racks and Tortures; All *England*, *Ireland*, *France*, *Germany*, the *Valtoline* and *West-Indies* too they have Consecrated with their Sacrifices, as if the whole World were but their *Golgatha*, or *Acheldema*, so much more dainty is their Idol-Worship than that of *Bell* and *Dragon* of old, by how much the Blood of Saints is more precious than that of Beasts; yet all this they shall justifie by that Text in the vulgar Latine, *Hominem Hereticum devita*; that is, as these Masters of Language Interpret it, *de vita tolle*; If his *Impiety* of *Rome*, the Bell-weather of this Superstitious Flock, be St *Peters* Successors in any thing, 'tis certainly in denying his Master, for never were any things more Diametrically opposite, than the humble, sweet and gentle example of the blessed Jesus, and the proud insulting domineering, and usurping humour of this his pretended Vicar.

Infine, a Papist is one that has a Privilege not inferior to *Paul* the *Roman*, born at *Tarsus*, for what Countrey-man soever he be, he is still a *Roman*; so true to the Holy See, that he is false to all the World besides, his very Religion, if he understands

understands it, prompts him to Disloyalty, and according to those cursed Tenets, his Priest have instil'd into him, 'tis impossible for him at once to serve God, and honour his King; yet will they ever boast themselves the best Subjects, but 'tis only then and there were their Interest fall in; at other times he will stir no further in his Princes cause, than he has orders from *Rome*, one Bull from whence he believes, can in a moment Absolve him from all Allegiance, and the most sacred Ties of Obedience; In most things the Court of *Rome* makes use of him, as the Ape of the Cats foot, to rake the Chestnut out of the Fire, and though he make a little Bull on the publick Stage, 'tis generally the Jesuit behind the Curtain that gives him motion; That, and the Inquisition are the Buckle and Thong of Popery, the two Plaisters whereby the Pope hopes to cure the wounds he received from *Luther*, and once more by their help to ride in Triumph on the Necks of Kings and Emperors; But 'tis time to conclude, which we think fit to do in the following Hymne;

To

To the Daughter of *Babylon*.

A *PAPIST*, He is the beſt Chriſtian Wight,
If you will believe it, you may.
And he unto Heaven doth go full right.
The clean contrary way,
Oh! the clean contrary way.
His Church of all Chriſtian Churches the firſt,
If you will believe it, you may.
And he that's not of it, is ſurely accurſt,
The clean contrary way,
Oh! the clean contrary way.
Of all Chriſtian Churches the *Pope* is the Head,
If you will believe it, you may.
He leads men to Heaven when they are dead.
The clean contrary way,
Oh! the clean contrary way.
All ſins he pardon's both paſt and to come,
If you will believe it you may.
Then you are ſure to eſcape the laſt doom,
The clean contrary way,
Oh! the clean contrary way.
Legend of *Legions*, all Miracles ſure,
If you will believe it you may.
More to be credited, then *Scripture* pure,
The clean contrary way,
Oh! the clean contrary way.
A *Wafer* the *Prieſt* Charm's into a *God*,
If you will believe it you may.

And

And ſo it becomes true *Fleſh*, and *Blood*,
The clean contrary way,
Oh! the clean contrary way.
Then into your mouth he puts it all raw,
If you will believe it, you may.
Which ſurely will bleed if that you it Chew,
The clean contrary way,
Oh! the clean contrary way.
He is the beſt Friend to a *Proteſtant*,
If you will believe it, you may.
And will ſupply him in what he doth want,
The clean contrary way,
Oh! the clean contrary way.
They are the beſt Leaders that can be choſe,
If you will believe it, you may.
To teach *Proteſtants* to fight with their Foes,
The clean contrary way,
Oh! the clean contrary way.
A *Papiſt* beſt Subject is to a *King*,
If you will believe it, you may,
And moſt to be truſted in any thing,
The clean contrary way,
Oh! the clean contrary way.

FINIS.